MOTHER EARTH

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CONTENTS

		Page
The God of War	Ernest Howard Crosby	65
War	Thomas Carlyle	66
Observations and Comments		67
The Civil War in Colorado	Hippolyte Havel	71
"Remember Ludlow!"	Julia May Courtney	77
Let Us Make War Against War	Leonard D. Abbott	80
Anti-Militarist Activities in New York	James McLane	82
Michael Bakunin	Max Baginski	85
Our Work in Chicago	Ben L. Reitman	88
Profit's Toll	Charles Ashleigh	91
Financial Reports		95

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THE GOD OF WAR

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

O god whom patriots adore,
I scorn thee, for in thee I see
The symbol of barbarity;
Therefore I hate thee, god of war.

As mothers curse thee so curse I—
Mothers whose sons were racked with pain—
Whose mutilated bodies slain
Are heaped in vain beneath the sky.

With pick and hammer let us rise
And break this idolshape of stone,
Breathing forth slaughter from his throne
Hid in the inmost shrine of lies.

Down with the temple which above
Sets up a blood-bespattered rag,
And let us with a world-wide flag
Find freedom in the work of love.

WAR

WHAT, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Dumdrudge usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "natural enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men; Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted.

And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for.

Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.

—THOMAS CARLYLE, in "Sartor Resartus."

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE American military invasion of Mexico is the act of a big ruffian bullying a smaller one. There could be no flimsier excuse for war than the insignificant Tampico incident. A few American sailors, probably drunk, were arrested in the streets of Tampico, Mexico, but immediately released, and a verbal explanation and apology made by the Mexican General in command. Even the most rabid American jingo should have been satisfied. Instead, the incident was made a cheap pretext for armed intervention.

The truth is, President Wilson has been too weak to resist the pressure of the American capitalists who for years have been trying to force this country into war with Mexico. Wilson proved himself the easy puppet of the Rockefeller oil and other capitalist interests in Mexico. No war could be more unprovoked and inexcusable. The Federal government, with the plutocratic doctrinaire and silver-tongued clown at its head, is guilty of common murder in attacking Mexico. It deserves the utter contempt and condemnation of every self-respecting and humane man.

* * *

THE internal situation in Mexico itself involves a popular uprising against extreme tyranny and oppression. Counter revolutions by military cliques have been superimposed upon the original proletarian rebellion against Porfirio Diaz, but back of the whole matter is the struggle of the Mexican proletariat for land and liberty.

With this struggle the American people can have but the deepest sympathy. The working class of this country especially have not the sightest reason for war with the Mexican people. Their cause is a common one, both suffering from oppression and exploitation of a rapacious predatory class, whose official governmental representatives for the time being are Wilson and Huerta.

The Wilson-Huerta war is a quarrel between two thieves. Let them fight it out themselves. American workingmen should refuse to slaughter or be slaughtered to protect the profits of American capitalists pressed from the blood of the Mexican peons.

But if they should be forced to bear arms against the

Mexican workers, they would do well to emulate the example of the Italian anti-militarist Augusto Masetti. When drafted for the war against Tripoli and ordered to kill his proletarian brothers there, Masetti turned his gun against his Colonel and shot him in full view of his regiment.

* * *

IT is not in Mexico but in Colorado that the real American war is being waged. It is there that American workers have a most vital interest. It is the war of labor against capital, against the very interests that are inciting the American people to slaughter in Mexico.

The brutalities of the Rockefeller clique and its hired thugs—in and out of uniform—transcend the worst atrocities of the Tsar. Machine guns trained upon the striking miners, their women and children burned alive in their tents previously soaked by the militia with oil,—such is the answer to the miners' plea for better conditions.

The capitalist banditti have gone the limit. They have declared war upon labor, ruthless and merciless, a war of extermination against their dissatisfied slaves, a war to the knife against the unions.

What are the American workingmen going to do? Are they going to pallaver, petition and resolutionize? Or will they show that they still have a little manhood in them, that they will defend themselves and their organizations against murder and destruction?

This is no time for theorizing, for fine-spun argument and phrases. With machine guns trained upon the strikers, the best answer is—*dynamite*.

The capitalist despotism in Colorado is a challenge to the whole working class of America. It is Colorado to-day; to-morrow it may be Pittsburg, San Francisco, Chicago or New York; *will be*, unless the workers answer the enemy's challenge in the proper spirit.

What shall that answer be? The first step is to come at once to the aid of the heroic Colorado miners by supplying them with the necessary men, arms and ammunition and funds to continue their brave struggle against the murderous hirelings of State and capital.

And the next stop is a **GENERAL STRIKE** of all the workers of the land, that shall show the beast of

Capital the strength of labor and the might of their solidarity. A 48-hour General Strike would put the fear of labor into the craven hearts of the enemy; it would at once force them to terminate the slaughter of the miners and would prove the most effective means of uniting the workers and rousing them to the tremendous economic weapon at their command.

* * *

THE First of May has been designated by the revolutionary proletariat the world over as labor's Red Day. It is a significant day. By choosing their own holiday, by laying down their tools and suspending all industry, the workers demonstrate their economic power, their solidarity and growing class consciousness.

In Europe, especially in the Latin countries, the First of May has this significance. But in this land the Day is observed but by a small minority of workers. And even these are in danger of turning the day into a peaceful, legal affair, the real meaning of the occasion perverted by weak-kneed leaders with political aspirations.

But this year the Anti-Militarist League—organized to crystallize an effective protest against all capitalist wars—gave the First of May demonstration in New York its proper revolutionary keynote. A large international mass-meeting at Mulberry Bend Park initiated the day, and emphasized the attitude of conscious labor toward tyranny and oppression. Then followed a demonstration in which red banners and black flags were triumphantly carried along the busiest streets of the metropolis—in spite of previous police prohibition. The long procession terminated at Union Square, where the revolutionary elements gathered in a tremendous mass-meeting that took its course notwithstanding the attempts of labor politicians to induce the authorities to suppress us.

The workers are gradually losing faith in legality and peaceful methods, in the face of the capitalist machine guns. They are beginning to see through the hollowness of political fakism. They are learning that the struggle of labor against capital is not a kidglove affair; and that only a determined revolutionary attitude can aid the workers.

A First of May is coming that will complete the

awakening of the proletariat to its economic might. Then we shall witness the real May Day of Labor.

* * *

SOME people are born with minds awry. They prate of "education" and "constructive work." "What is accomplished by all this agitation?" they ask us; "we must build up, not destroy."

Blind bats. There is nothing more constructive than destruction. And it is the most difficult task. It is comparatively easy to give a person a new idea, provided you have first destroyed the age-long prejudice and density that preclude its acceptance.

Every human parrot stupidly repeats, "Education, education," as if it were the Messiah of the world. The only education worth while is the destruction of all the false notions and conceptions at the basis of our whole civilization—the utter destruction of the very spirit on which it rests. That alone is truly educative.

* * *

THE intention of the Federal government to deport Har Dyal, the Hindu revolutionist, is a most dastardly scheme that should not be permitted to be carried out.

Har Dyal, one of the big intellects of India, has long been a thorn in the side of the British government because of his effective work in spreading revolutionary ideas among his fellow countrymen. Many attempts have been made to silence Har Dyal, both in India and in this country. And now the English government seems to have succeeded in persuading its lackeys in Washington to do its dirty work.

If Dyal, who has for years been living in this country, is given up to the British authorities in India, it may mean his death, for he is no less hated by the government than he is beloved by the people of India. It would be nothing short of murder to deport Dyal. This country should be proud to have in its midst a man of Comrade Dyal's integrity, devotion to human progress and uncompromising loyalty to the oppressed of the world.

* * *

NO man did more effectively help to revolutionize the hearts and minds of the proletariat of Europe than

Michael Bakunin. His name is a synonym for life-long consecration to liberty, untiring effort and great personal sacrifice in the cause of the Social Revolution.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Michael Bakunin (1814-1914) falls at a time when the workers in every country are learning to realize more clearly the power of labor solidarity and of united militant effort—sentiments that Bakunin sowed broadcast in every revolutionary movement of his day.

There is a certain type of "radicals" who in the fullness of their ignorance still mouth the antiquated and oft-exploded stupidity that Anarchists "do not believe in organization." Bakunin was a revolutionary anti-governmentalist, an Anarchist, and in this connection it is not amiss to re-state his views on organization, in his own words:

"First of all it is necessary to organize the power of the proletariat . . . Organize, constantly organize the international militant solidarity of the workers, in every trade and country . . . Thus you will constitute a tremendous, invincible power by means of universal coöperation."

An international gathering in honor of the hundredth anniversary of Michael Bakunin has been arranged for May 15th, at Webster Hall, 11th Street and Third Avenue, to which every revolutionary is cordially invited.

THE CIVIL WAR IN COLORADO

BY HIPPOLYTE HAVEL

THE year one thousand nine hundred and fourteen will stand out in the annals of the proletariat of America in letters of fire. At the time when many hundreds and thousands of hungry and homeless workers tramped through the streets of the cities begging for work, for the privilege of producing wealth for their exploiters, triumphant Capitalism committed its greatest crime—the massacre of workers in Colorado. All former outrages perpetrated by the masters upon labor sink into insignificance in comparison with the slaughter of the

miners, their wives and children at Ludlow, on the twentieth of April. The exploiting monster, represented by its chief tool, revealed itself in its full bestiality.

Capitalism has proved once more that its power is the supreme law, and that it recognizes nothing else but its own might. And what a sight! The President of the mightiest republic in the world begging for concessions in Wall Street! But he received only a well-deserved kick. Even the most doubting Thomas must now perceive where the real seat of the government is located.

And the shame of it! Organized labor, misled by cowardly leaders, quietly continues its work, while its members are being massacred. Verily, we progress phenomenally. Has all the sweat and all the blood of the workers of this country been sacrificed in vain?

Has the agitation of the last decades accomplished nothing?

If there ever was a time when labor had cause to proclaim a general uprising, now is such a time. A massacre like that in Colorado can be answered only by general destruction.

The miners in Colorado proved their manhood. Their fellow-workers have yet to prove theirs. If they acquiesce in this crime to-day, they will be slaughtered like their brothers in Colorado to-morrow. If they do not rise and destroy the tyranny of Capitalism, the monster will wallow in the blood of their mothers and children. Will they merely await another investigation by political harlots? Never before has the theory of peaceful and legal agitation suffered such a breakdown as in Colorado. Never before has political action been proven a greater fallacy. The law mills of the State worked overtime, yet the condition of the workers became more unbearable from day to day. It is the irony of fate that such conditions should prevail in a State where laws for the protection of labor abound. The miners of Colorado found out of how much value they are.

Then the glory of suffrage! The women of Colorado have been in possession of the ballot since 1891, yet economic conditions in their State are worse than anywhere else in the Union.

The secret lies in this: while plenty of laws for the protection of labor have been enacted, the capitalists have

shown nothing but contempt for the paper statutes.

The miners went on strike on the 22d of last September to enforce certain demands which are granted by the laws of the State. Colorado has on its statute books a large number of laws especially designed to prevent just such situations as have arisen in that plutocratic commonwealth. To mention a few of these laws:

It is against the law to discharge an employee between the age of eighteen and sixty years solely on account of age.

It is unlawful for any person, company or corporation to prevent any employee from joining a labor union or other organization, or for such person or corporation to coerce employees by discharging or threatening to discharge them for joining labor or other unions or organizations.

It is unlawful for persons or corporations to import "scab" labor by misrepresentation, or to engage such labor without previous warning that strikes are on in the districts in which it is proposed to employ such labor.

It is against the law in Colorado to employ armed guards, or to possess arms for the purpose of using same to defend mining or other property without the express permission of the Governor of the State.

The Eight-Hour law is legally required throughout the State in all mining industry. Employers cannot "blacklist" labor, or refuse to give proper references of efficient employees when so required.

Labor laws require also that coal mines shall be rendered safe for workers and supplied with all necessary devices for preventing accidents.

The Colorado statutes are also very explicit in regard to "company stores," and there is a comprehensive "truck act" in existence.

There are numerous laws as to employment of women and children.

The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company (the Rockefeller interests) has for many years exercised undisputed political control in the counties of southern Colorado where the strike is under way. The functions of civil government have been carried on by the hirelings of the company, and it is a well-known fact that the corporation's will is the dominating influence in all matters where its interests are involved. The accidents and catastrophes which have occurred in its mines during the past decade have exacted a fearful toll in life and brought untold desolation to widows and children.

Since 1900 the effort to form unions has been constantly broken up by the C. F. and I. Company and other combinations of coal operators, though to prevent em-

ployees from forming such unions is a misdemeanor in that State. The lowest possible wages have been paid. The average wage for an eight-hour day paid by the Berwind mine, owned by the C. F. and I. Company, is $1.58. During 1912, the average net wage per year in this mine was $615.32. A decent life, everyone must admit, cannot be lived on such wages. Through the company's stores much of this money returns to the corporation.

The right of the miners of the C. F. and I. Company to form or join a union is said by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to be the one right which he cannot "concede." He lays great stress upon the constitutional privilege of every citizen " to be protected in his life and liberty." It is singular to find, however, that unorganized miners are treated worse by the C. F. and I. Company than those who belong to a union.

In order to throw some light upon general conditions in the coal mines of Colorado, it might be well to quote from a report by the Secretary of State and Commissioner of Labor to the Governor of Colorado. Speaking of the employment of armed guards to break up miners' unions, to enforce labor by imported strikebreakers, and to deny miners the rights of citizenship in Colorado, the Secretary of State declares: "The system as employed by the C. F. and I. Company in Las Animas County is not only in open defiance of all the laws of the State of Colorado, but it maintains, under the thin guise of law, an armed force, consisting of deputy sheriffs, in all its camps, who are used not only to violate all the laws, but to maltreat anyone who attempts in any way to assert his rights as a citizen.

"The county officials of Las Animas County are in league with this Company, so that it is absolutely impossible to get anything like justice from the hands of the legally elected officials of that county.

"In order to thoroughly understand to what extremes these so-called officials of the law go, I shall state that after the Company exacts a rent for their houses from their employees, no home is sacred or has any privacy, the Company taking the ground that, as they own the property, they have the right to enter it at all times, and

I have been told by women in Primers that there was no privacy in their home life, that whenever a representative of the Company or a deputy sheriff desired, they entered the house unannounced.

"We find that children are employed in the mines, at the coal washers and at the coke ovens, in direct violation of the laws of Colorado, which make it unlawful to employ any child under sixteen years of age in any dangerous occupation, and the only excuse offered by the officials of the Company is that it is none of their business, that these children are working with the consent of their parents."

Further evidence in the report refers to boys under sixteen years old engaged as "trappers" in the mines of the C. F. and I. Company, who lost their lives after working only six months in these mines. One of the boys was killed on his fifteenth birthday. Other children working in the Rockefeller mines were as young as ten years.

Even before the strike broke out, the mine owners imported strikebreakers and employed a detective agency whose specialty is breaking strikes. This agency shipped in a large number of gunmen, who tried their best to break the strike. The strikers resisted, and at the request of the mine owners the militia was sent to the strike district.

The militia is the tool of the companies, and though the miners first welcomed it in preference to the hired thugs of the Baldwin-Feltz Detective Agency, they soon learned to fear the militia more than the gunmen. When the militia came into the strike district, they tried to compel the miners to submit to measurement by the Bertillion system. The miners rebelled at this, whereupon they were herded by batches of cavalry—the miners being on foot—and taken from Aguilar to Trinidad, a distance of twenty miles, without food or drink. One of the miners fell on the road, and after being struck by the soldiers was left to die.

The militia acted with total disregard for human rights. Women were assaulted at night, and even in broad daylight; houses were entered by the soldiery and pillaged; saloons were invaded and their proprietors robbed. Searches of miners' houses were made, ostensibly to discover arms, but actually for the purpose of robbery.

It would be beyond human power to endure such outrages. The miners, many of them veterans of the Balkan War, armed themselves and asserted their manhood. A terrific struggle was the result, culminating in the attack by the gunmen and the militia upon Ludlow.

The tent colony of the strikers at Ludlow was attacked by the uniformed murderers on the night of the 20th of April. The thugs were provided with machine guns. After a bombardment they fiendishly saturated the tents with coal oil and applied the torch. Twenty-five persons, among them two women and eleven children, were burned to death! That the colony at Ludlow was deliberately attacked and destroyed is admitted by the coroner's jury:

"We, the jury, find that the deceased came to their deaths by asphyxiation or fire, or both, caused by the burning of the tents of the Ludlow tent colony, and that the fire on the tents was started by militiamen under Major Hamrock and Lieut. Linderfelt, or mine guards, or both, on the 20th day of April, 1914."

Linderfelt is the paid thug of the Baldwin-Feltz Detective Agency, and at the same time he is an officer in the militia. It is Linderfelt who in cold blood killed the heroic Greek leader, Louis Tikas, after the latter was arrested and put in his charge.

The terrible massacre dumbfounded everybody for a moment. But then the miners arose in rebellion. Blood for blood! Vengeance for Ludlow was the battle cry. Mine after mine was attacked and destroyed. The whole district was devastated. The hirelings of the exploiters paid heavily for their crimes. In a few days the miners were masters of the country. The victory was won.

And now we see history repeat itself. The doctrinaire in the White House, who dared not take a stand against the butchery of workingmen, sends federal troops to help crush the victorious miners. Like an obedient lackey the President carries out the orders of his masters.

Will the workers of America stand by quietly and allow the exploiters to force their brothers in Colorado back into the old subjugation? If they do, they sign their own doom.

This is no time for wise and deliberate discussion.

Now is the time for action. We have only one duty: to destroy the parasites, to exterminate the bloodsuckers and their hirelings.

REMEMBER LUDLOW!

BY JULIA MAY COURTNEY

"REMEMBER LUDLOW!" The battle cry of the crushed, downtrodden, despised miners stifled at Calumet, in West Virginia, in Cripple Creek, has echoed from coal camp to coal camp in southern Colorado, and has served again to notify the world that Labor will not down.

Peaceful Colorado, slumbering in her eternal sunshine, has been rudely awakened. And her comfortable citizens, tremendously busy with their infinitely important little affairs, have been shocked into a mental state wavering between terror and hysteria. And the terrified and hysterical community, like the individual, has grabbed for safety at the nearest straw.

The federal troops are called to the strike zone in the vain hope that their presence would intimidate the striking miners into submission, and the first spasm of the acute attack has subsided. But the end is not yet.

In September the coal miners in the southern Colorado district went out on strike. Immediately the word went forth from No. 26 Broadway, the Rockefeller headquarters in New York City, and the thugs and gunmen of the Felts-Baldwin agency were shipped from the Virginia and Texas fields and sent by hundreds into the coal camps. With their wives and children the miners were evicted from their huts on the company's ground, and just as the heavy winter of the mountains settled down, the strikers put up their tents and prepared for the long siege. It was then that the puerile, weak-kneed Governor Ammons, fawning on the representatives of the coal companies, at the request of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., called out the militia to "keep order."

And the climax came when the first spring winds blew over the hills and the snows melted from the mountain sides. On the 20th of April the cry was heard "Remember Ludlow!"—the battle cry that every working man

in Colorado and in America will not forget. For on that day the men of the tent colony were shot in the back by soft-nosed bullets, and their women and children were offered in burning sacrifice on the field of Ludlow.

The militia had trained the machine guns on the miners' tent colony. At a ball game on Sunday between two teams of strikers the militia interfered, preventing the game; the miners resented, and the militia—with a sneer and a laugh—*fired the machine guns directly into the tents,* knowing at the time that the strikers' wives and children were in them. Charging the camp, they fired the two largest buildings—the strikers' stores—and going from tent to tent, poured oil on the flimsy structures, setting fire to them.

From the blazing tents rushed the women and children, only to be beaten back into the fire by the rain of bullets from the militia. The men rushed to the assistance of their families; and as they did so, they were dropped as the whirring messengers of death sped surely to the mark. Louis Tikas, leader of the Greek colony, fell a victim to the mine guards' fiendishness, being first clubbed, then shot in the back while he was their prisoner. Fifty-two bullets riddled his body.

Into the cellars—the pits of hell under their blazing tents—crept the women and children, less fearful of the smoke and flames than of the nameless horror of the spitting bullets. One man counted the bodies of nine little children, taken from one ashy pit, their tiny fingers burned away as they held to the edge in their struggle to escape. As the smoking ruins disclosed the charred and suffocated bodies of the victims of the holocaust, thugs in State uniform hacked at the lifeless forms, in some instances nearly cutting off heads and limbs to show their contempt for the strikers.

Fifty-five women and children perished in the fire of the Ludlow tent colony. Relief parties carrying the Red Cross flag were driven back by the gunmen and for twenty-four hours the bodies lay crisping in the ashes, while rescuers vainly tried to cross the firing line. And the Militiamen and gunmen laughed when the miners petitioned "Czar Chase" and Governor Ammons for the right to erect their homes and live in them.

Then came reaction. Driven to desperation the miners attacked the mine guards at the Empire mine, at Forbes, at Aguilar. Everywhere they left destruction of property in their wake. Why should they not? Yet with this difference. When they had the power, when the strikers had captured the Empire mine, with thirty strikebreakers and guards as prisoners, with their women and children hiding in the tunnel—when by the touching of a match they could blow the entire mine and its human occupants into nothingness—they rescued the entombed men and protected the women and children!

Now they are fighting—fighting to the death—fighting as only men can fight who have nothing to lose and all to gain—and the hills of Walsenburg and Trinidad, of Louisville and Lafayette, of Forbes and Aguilar re-echo with the conflict. For they are not fighting now to secure a fair day's wage for a fair day's pay—nor the recognition of the union—nor the freedom from company stores—they are fighting to avenge the deaths of their loved ones at Ludlow!

And for the first time in the history of the labor war in America the people are with the strikers—they glory in their success. The trainmen have refused to carry the militia—entire companies of the National Guard have mutinied—nearly every union in the State has offered funds and support of men and arms to the strikers—and the governor has asked for federal troops.

The federal troops are here—the women who forced the governor to ask for them believe they have secured Peace—but it is a dead hope. For Peace can never be built on the foundation of Greed and Oppression. And the federal troops cannot change the system—only the strikers can do that. And though they may lay down their arms for a time—they will "Remember Ludlow!"

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DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

LET US MAKE WAR AGAINST WAR!

By Leonard D. Abbott.

THERE are a hundred reasons why American workingmen and all men and women of liberal thought should oppose the war that the government of the United States has started against Mexico. The first and chief of these reasons is that the quarrel which led to the war was an outgrowth of "patriotic" sentiment. We are asked to throw away our lives and the lives of countless numbers of our fellow human beings, Americans and Mexicans, because of a silly punctilio, because "a person calling himself the provisional President of Mexico" refused to salute the American flag in just the way demanded by an American Rear-Admiral.

We have no real quarrel with Mexico. We are in sympathy equally with the rebellious elements in Mexico and in the United States. It is clear that a war at this time, incited by jingoes and yellow journalists and capitalists, will do incalculable harm because it will tend to stem the force of the revolution now going on in Mexico, and because it will distract public attention from conditions in Colorado and from all the social injustices that cry out for redress.

When Porfirio Diaz, one of the most brutal despots that ever lived, was master of Mexico and succeeded in imprisoning not only the more intelligent of his own subjects, but even Americans (like Carlo de Fornaro), who protested against his tyrannies, the United States government worked hand in hand with him.

When appeals in behalf of Mexican liberalism were made to ex-President Roosevelt, he turned a deaf ear.

When Mother Jones visited ex-President Taft to plead for the lives of Mexican leaders held in American jails, he did nothing.

When the case of Magon, Villareal and Figueroa (all imprisoned in Los Angeles for the "crime" of trying to free their country) was brought to the attention of President Wilson, he was equally inactive.

But when striking workingmen were shot down in cold blood in Camanea a few years ago, and the corpses of strike leaders were left hanging on trees as object lessons,

the brotherhood of capitalists on both sides of the border was unmistakably manifested.

Everyone knows that the war with Mexico into which this country has been plunged is directly the result of contending capitalistic interests in Mexican oil. Everyone knows that Diaz practically sold his country into the bondage of rapacious capitalists. The counter-movement of the exploited peons and laborers against their oppressors is the one redeeming element in the situation.

For fifty years a struggle has been going forward to win Mexico for the workers. Mexico has existed for the church, the army, the aristocracy; for Spain, the United States; for dictators and big business—for everyone except for the workers.

Gutierrez de Lara, in his new book, "The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom," throws light on the situation. As a result of Diaz's vast land despoliations, he tells us, the valley of Papantla, which once supported a population of 20,000 independent farmers, today belongs to one rich family. The entire State of Chihuahua, it seems, belongs to three families, headed by a man who is reputed to be the largest single cattle owner in the world. In the State of Morelos, from which have sprung Zapata and his followers, four men, one of them the son-in-law of Diaz, own every inch of agricultural land, and 200,000 evicted farmers, now landless peons, till the soil for them at an average wage of 12½ cents a day. De Lara sums up the program of the revolutionists in four words—the democratization of land.

In the struggle of the Mexican peons to recover their stolen lands is a cause that is worthy of any man's loyal support. But the war to sustain Huerta and the war to sustain the American invasion of Mexico are equally fruitless and reactionary.

When Haywood at a recent meeting in New York propounded the general strike as labor's most effective protest against a war inspired by capitalistic interests, he was scoffed at not only by the conservative press, but by a great number of workingmen's organizations. It may be that the moment for the successful realization of such a proposal is not yet. Yet Haywood's suggestion had the ring of true leadership, and aroused nation-wide discus-

sion and reflection. The plan that is "visionary" to-day becomes practical to-morrow. We have not heard the last of the general strike as an anti-militarist weapon.

But a workingman or a liberal does not need to wait for a general strike to make effective his protest against war. His duty is quite clear. As yet, fortunately, we are not plagued in this country by the systems of conscription and of enforced military service that have been established in many European countries. We do not need, like Hervé and his comrades, to go to prison, nor, as in the case of Masetti, to shoot our officers. All we need to do is to refuse to join the army.

Whether violently or peacefully, whether collectively or individually, let us fight militarism and armies supported by capitalist government to do capitalist work. Let us realize more and more clearly that the war worth fighting is not between countries, but between ideals of life. Let us understand that the only war really worth our energies and our life's blood is the war against war—the war, that is to say, against the armed coercion which has kept the workers down and has drenched the world with the blood of innocent victims.

ANTI-MILITARIST ACTIVITIES IN NEW YORK

By James McLane.

THE heroic struggle of the Colorado miners compels the admiration of every friend of labor who has red blood in his veins. In the face of tremendous odds the strikers of southern Colorado have shown a spirit of wonderful solidarity, perseverance and heroism. On many previous occasions workingmen have been forced to fight the armed hirelings of capital; but it is the first time in the history of American labor that the wage slaves dared to resist, in open combat, the armed forces of the State—the militia—whose fiendish brutalities in the Colorado mine regions exceed the worst savagery of barbarous warfare. No wonder the capitalist press, especially in the East, sought to suppress the truth regarding conditions in the strike districts.

It was for the purpose of calling public attention to Colorado, as well as to stem the fever of jingoism fanned by the capitalist press, that the Anti-Militarist

League was formed in New York. At the first rumor of war with Mexico, the Anarchist elements in the Conference of the Unemployed organized into the Anti-Militarist League, which immediately instituted a campaign of agitation and education in opposition to war and in favor of the Colorado miners.

How easily the people are duped! The Hearstized newspapers strained every nerve to incite the patriotic thirst for murder, so that for a while it was most dangerous to utter in public a protest against the war with Mexico. Urged on by the press, the speakers of the League were repeatedly mobbed and assaulted by the young rowdy element which found encouragement in the tacit sympathy of the police. But perseverance and determination is a mighty weapon. With these we first forced the police, during the Unemployed Movement, to concede us the right of public assembly and speech. And by the same means we prevailed upon the flag-drunk mobs in New York first to suffer us to talk, then to listen and finally to applaud.

There is no doubt that the tireless activities of the Anti-Militarist League, with its numerous daily open-air meetings and wide distribution of appropriate literature, served to pierce the night of patriotic delirium with a few rays of light. More important still, by the sheer violence of its efforts it woke the people of New York to the situation in Colorado and forced the press to break its conspiracy of silence with regard to the terrible atrocities perpetrated by the masters.

The authorities and the capitalistic press mouthpieces fumed and raged at our work. But the League persevered in its indefatigable efforts, in spite of persecution, arrests and convictions.

The first to suffer this persecution as "defamers" of the glorious flag that stands for the burning alive of strikers' wives and children, were Rebecca Edelsohn and Samuel Hartman, and later Marie Ganz, who publicly expressed the opinion that a multi-murderer like John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was not fit to draw breath. She was sentenced to sixty days for alleged "disorderly conduct."

The trial of Rebecca Edelsohn contributed consider-

ably to the propaganda, inasmuch as our young Comrade declined to be represented by counsel, conducting her own case in a manner that served to bring out all the personal animosity, prejudice and economic antagonism of the real estate witnesses for the prosecution. Comrade Edelsohn closed her case with a well-reasoned and splendidly delivered argument pointing out the historical opposition to all unpopular ideas and emphasizing the right of unconditional free speech.

Comrade Hartman and Miss Edelsohn, tried on the same charge, were both found guilty and put under a $300 bond, to "keep the peace" for ninety days. But Miss Edelsohn refused to accept the bond (offered by Comrade I. Benequit) because acceptance involved the condition that she stop speaking in public whenever any policeman saw fit to demand it. Thereupon the Judge sentenced Miss Edelsohn to 90 days to the workhouse, to which our Comrade replied by declaring a hunger strike before she left the court.

The Free Speech League took up the case, through Leonard D. Abbott. After Miss Edelsohn had conducted her hunger strike for 48 hours, she was released on an application for a new trial.

The declaration of a hunger strike by Comrade Edelsohn is a significant event. Hunger strikes by prisoners as a protest against conditions *within* the prison, are not an uncommon occurrence in this country, rarely though the public gets to hear of them. But it is the first time in the history of the United States that a hunger strike was declared *in court* as a protest against legal or judicial injustice.

The day may not be far when American suffragettes will follow the example of Comrade Edelsohn. Indeed, her example has already found emulation. Upton Sinclair and three women companions, arrested and fined $3 each for silently parading in front of 26 Broadway (the offices of Rockefeller) expressed their protest by refusing to pay their fine and declaring a hunger strike. It is to be regretted, however, that the courageous women did not get an opportunity to carry out their strike, owing to some pusilanimous friends paying their fines against the prisoners' express wishes. Upton Sin-

clair hunger-striked for two days and then weakly decided to pay the remaining one dollar fine.

A number of other participants in the League's work have fallen victims to the wrath of Rockefeller and the police, among them Al Turner, who made the Sunday School teaching murderer uneasy by parading in front of his residence dressed in a black shroud.

But imprisonment of the active members of the League is not weakening its work. On the contrary, persecution is bringing in new recruits and adding to our numbers. Our work goes on unabated. Large agitation meetings are being carried on nightly in various parts of the city, with big mass-meetings every Saturday.

The League is multiplying its efforts to arouse understanding and sympathy for the striking miners in Colorado by organizing branches of various nationalities in and about New York and other cities. We call for the coöperation of those interested everywhere, to join our League and to form locals in their districts.

No propaganda is more urgently needed in this patriotically drunken land than an effective anti-militarist agitation. In behalf of the brave fighters in Colorado we especially appeal to the workers everywhere to aid and further the work of the Anti-Militarist League and to contribute to its WAR FUND established for the purpose of supplying the Colorado strikers with money and, when necessary, with men, arms and ammunition.

Communications and contributions are to be addressed to ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Secretary-Treasurer of the Anti-Militarist League, 74 West 119th Street, New York.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

MICHAEL BAKUNIN

(1814-1914)

BY M. BAGINSKI

IN the spring of 1861 there arrived in San Francisco a man who had a long and eventful journey behind him. He came all the way from Siberia, where he had passed four years in exile. Previous to that he was imprisoned in the dungeons of Saxony, Austria and Russia. In Saxony he had been sentenced to death because

of his participation in the Dresden uprising. Extradited to Austria, he was again condemned to die. Then followed his extradition to Russia, where he was kept six years in the Petro-Pavlov fortress. Transferred to the dreaded Schlüsselburg casemates, he was subsequently doomed to lifelong exile in Siberia.

Twelve years of this persecution and torture passed before he succeeded in finding his way to liberty. Under many difficulties he escaped from Siberia, crossed Japan, and thence reached the United States. Soon he was in London, where he immediately renewed his revolutionary connections and threw himself into his former work with an energy and enthusiasm as if all the persecution he had suffered merely served to rejuvenate him.

The name of this refugee was Michael Bakunin. Born May 20th (May 8th, according to the Russian calendar), 1814, he enjoyed all the advantages of a child of a wealthy family that belonged to the oldest Russian nobility. Young Bakunin might have easily attained to something "great" in the official circles of Russia, after he graduated from the Imperial Artillery School and became an army officer. But his rebellious temperament, his passionate love of liberty, and his rich mental endowments all combined to alienate him from the world of bureaucracy, and made him one of the great, significant personalities whose name will for all time be associated with the noblest struggles of humanity to break its fetters.

In the personality of Bakunin was incarnate the spirit of the Social Revolution. He was the very reverse of the *genus* politician who cunningly builds up his party and becomes absorbed therein. He gave himself fully, abandoned himself completely to his ideal, while the politician carefully calculates the steps he must climb to reach his goal. 'Tis the eternal contrast between the idealist and the politician: the one espouses liberty as wide as the world, the other awaits a favorable opportunity for advancement; the one devotes himself entirely to revolution, the other adapts himself to circumstances. It is because of this contrast that the politician wins momentary triumph, the real value of which soon shrinks, while the revolutionist achieves little success during his

lifetime and personally often suffers a tragic fate,—but the fire of his being, the directness and oneness of his purpose continue to inspire the hearts and minds of mankind long after his death.

No doubt Karl Marx, Bakunin's antagonist in the International Workingmen's Association—organized fifty years ago—is still held in high esteem. But one thinks of him as a scholastic, a theoretician, the founder of a system that began with the claim of infallibility, but which is now doomed to disintegration, its very foundations crumbling to dust. No such musty chill breathes from Bakunin. His lifework is not an appeal to mere intellectuality; he speaks to the whole man, the most precious part of whom is still his strong will, his instincts and passions.

Young Bakunin worked his way through the abstruse books of the German philosophers, and later became active in the conspiratory and revolutionary uprisings of almost every country in Europe. In all these struggles his efforts were directed towards the demolition of every form of tyranny: God, State, capitalism, every metaphysical as well as physical despotism was to be destroyed before justice and liberty could triumph. His manifold activities brought him in personal contact with most of the thinkers and propagandists of the social revolutionary movement of his time. He carried on long discussions of social problems with Proudhon; he was in close touch with Netchayev, the most zealous and reckless of Russian revolutionists, as well as with Alexander Herzen. Common ideas made Richard Wagner kin to him in the days of the Dresden uprising, and he was an intimate friend of the poet-revolutionist George Herwegh. There was hardly any individual type of revolutionist that Bakunin failed to meet in his stormy career. From the wealth of his experience—with individuals, events, theories, principles—there crystallized in his later years the conviction that the proletariat can never hope for liberation except through its own efforts. In a letter to the members of the Jura Federation, with whom he had worked and struggled and who stood by him in spite of all the slanders of the Marx clique, he left a sort of testament that is of especial significance at the present time when the workers throughout the world are

beginning to see the emptiness of political phrases. In this letter—the last greeting to his former comrades—he says:

"By birth and personal position I am a bourgeois, and as such I could carry on only theoretical propaganda amongst you. But I have come to the conclusion that the time for theoretical work, written or spoken, is past. * * * This is not a time for ideas; it is the time for action, for deeds. And first of all it is necessary to organize the power of the proletariat. But this organization must be the work of the proletariat itself. If I were young I would go into the midst of the workers and by taking part in the daily life and struggles of my brothers, I would aid in this most important work of organization. But neither my age nor my health permit it now. Organize, constantly organize the international militant solidarity of the workers, in every trade and country, and remember that however weak you are as isolated individuals or districts, you will constitute a tremendous, invincible power by means of universal coöperation."

This is the same militant spirit that breathes now in the best expressions of the Syndicalist and I. W. W. movements. Indeed, the 100th anniversary of Michael Bakunin comes at a time of a strong world-wide revival of the ideas for which Bakunin labored throughout his life with such wonderful devotion, perseverance and courage.

OUR WORK IN CHICAGO

BEN L. REITMAN

CHICAGO is my home town; I was not born there, but I might as well have been, for all my memories of childhood, boyhood and school life are associated with Chicago. Homesick for the good old town, I went there seven weeks ahead of Emma Goldman. The hurry and rush of our New York activities had gotten on my nerves; I thought I would try some other work for a change, and so I went to Chicago and took a job at my "honorable" profession.

But my experience soon convinced me that under present conditions of poverty and misery, the medical profession is a horrible farce, and that the practice of

it is sheer dishonesty. I was therefore happy to get back to the work which satisfies my imagination and my emotions and gives me a purpose in life, namely, participation in the Anarchist propaganda. I have said before that I have been in the Anarchistic movement six years, and I have never had occasion to regret it or to be ashamed of the activities of the MOTHER EARTH group. I cannot say as much for the practice of medicine.

We opened up our seventh annual tour on April third in Chicago, with three splendid Jewish meetings. One of them, the largest and most interesting we have ever had, took place on April fifth, in Workman's Hall, when Emma Goldman lectured on "The Conflict of the Sexes." There were a thousand people inside the hall, and as many more outside unable to get in and who begged, threatened, bribed and used direct action in a vain effort to hear the speaker. The afternoon lectures at the Lexington Hotel were well attended, and we were gratified to see most of our old friends and a great many new ones, which included a number of professional people.

We had twelve English meetings at International Hall, which is a side room of a saloon on the North Side, but we never had better or more interesting meetings in Chicago. Our hall in Chicago was proof of an observation that we have often made, namely, that if people are interested in an idea, they will go anywhere to hear it, and you do not need centrally located, expensive halls in order to draw a crowd. Our North Side audiences included a large number of upper and middle class people, as well as our usual contingency of radicals. The four Drama Lectures especially succeeded in drawing out a lot of splendid people, comprising most of the brains of Chicago.

We were fortunate in having an able staff to help at the meetings: Newlander and Sussanky attended every lecture and assisted in the work. Bert Webber sold the literature. He liked it so well that we had to ask him to minimize his enthusiasm. Our dear old comrades, Jake and Anna Livshis, Nellie Winer and Sam Sivin, were thoughtful and helpful. We met a number of serious-minded young men, who became greatly interested in Miss Goldman's lectures and offered to rent us a down-

town hall and to aid us during our next visit to Chicago.

Chicago is a great town. There are more and larger radical meetings in this city than any other in America. It maintains six Sunday free-thought meetings, whose audiences will compare favorably with any of the churches in the city. There are numerous other radical meetings, including the Anthropological Society, which has been going on for twenty-five years, and the Open Forum, which meets Sunday night in the Masonic Temple and is a near-Anarchist organization. But although the radical meetings in Chicago have large audiences, I do not seem to see the real revolutionary spirit as I do in New York and Denver and the Pacific Coast. I am sure that someone will gather together the various radical elements in Chicago and make of them a tremendous force for the revolution. While Chicago has what is known outwardly as a Conservative Labor Union, fundamentally it is revolutionary.

After Chicago, we had two rousing meetings in Madison, Wisconsin. The Sunday night meeting was inspiring, and everything went along fine until Emma Goldman stated, in her talk about the Unemployed of New York, that they could not find work. Some sturdy sons of the soil present (most of them were farmers' sons) knew better, and they let out a whoop and got upon their feet and offered to prove that any man who wanted to work could get a good job on the farms of Wisconsin. The boys did not tell how the unemployed could get there.

We had four interesting meetings in Minneapolis. Many of our old friends were there, including Newlander, who tramped his way up from Chicago in order to be with us. These were followed by two small meetings in Des Moines, enlivened by an interesting group of I. W. W. boys, including Mark Thompson, who was largely responsible for our visit there.

We are in Denver now, but of our work here Emma Goldman will tell you next month.

I am hoping that our friends in Chicago will make it possible for Emma Goldman to spend two or three months there this fall.

PROFIT'S TOLL

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

WHEN I was a boy I was a poet, as all youth should be. When I was a boy I lived royally, as all youth should live. I was unconcerned, careless, independent, healthy and alive—vigorously and sensitively alive. My meals were regular and plentiful, my bed was soft and certain, my widow mother was an exceptionally good mother: she never talked to me about God and she let me have my own way. We had what is popularly and facetiously termed an "independent income," some small savings of my deceased father, judiciously invested. So my youth was a royal youth.

We lived either at a sea-side town or in the city of London, both places teeming with interest to my keen curiosity. I read hundreds of books avidly; hard books —some of them—books of philosophy, books of history, fiction, belles-lettres, anything that came my way or that my insatiable thirst for knowledge dictated. I swam in the sea and played football and tennis and was unconscious of my body, which is true health. I was fond of taking long walks in the country and was acutely sensitive to the influence of nature.

I had friends at that time. Some of my friendships were wonderful, almost holy in their intensity. How I remember my chosen comrade; how dear was his friendship to me! We had a signal: a couple of bars of a certain tune, whistled. He used to pass by our house and give the signal. When I heard it a joyous pang would thrill me, I would seize my cap and dash out into the street. Sometimes he would come to take tea with us. I would sit proudly silent nearly all the time, watching the effect of his personality on my mother and sister. How gallantly gentle he was with my mother and handsomely abashed by my sister. I would sit still and exult. We would have interminable talks in which we confided to each other the deepest secrets of our souls. * * *

And, then, later, when passing from boyhood into youth, came London. I was one of a group of enthusiasts, idealists, Bohemians. We would meet and discuss. * * * Exulting in our adolescent intellects we would

play with ideas, sport with paradox, toss epigram from one to the other, exploring every realm of thought, shattering idols and erecting new ones. I remember long afternoons spent in picture galleries, and ecstatic hours at symphony concerts. * * *

And the dreams—ah, the dear dreams that colored life! And the soul experiences, too subtle for description, when walking home alone in the quiet summer nights, or at the contemplation of beauty, artistic or scenic. The supreme ecstasy, almost painful at its inception, in which the limits of personality seem to break down and the Individual fuses into the Cosmic. * * * All this was part of my youth.

And, all the time, I was walking on a thin crust, beneath which boiled and raged the economic maelstrom. I had looked on life as a god's game and suddenly beheld it a sordid tragedy. My relatives decided that the time had arrived for me to begin to "earn my living." And slowly my dreams withered; my ecstasy faded and beauty died. Still I had tasted enough to make me forever a seeker. From the window opposite my desk, where I added endless rows of figures, I gazed out on the blank wall of the next building and visualized things glowing and splendid. But my head ached, and the boss was snapping angrily, and they faded. I thought, at first, that it was merely a matter of wrong occupation. Therefore I toiled on the land from four in the morning till seven at night and sailed in ships as steward and sailor and sweated in the open air for great railroad corporations. But never did the golden time return. The phantom of starvation and homelessness loomed ever large in my mind. The petty tyrannies of taskmasters fretted my nerves. Work in close, confined places hurt my health and the fight for the job made me callous and mercenary. * * *

Once, when, for a space, my old visions returned to me, I was seized with a great longing and was desperate. I made a bold bid for freedom and failed. I was not skilled at the work, nor had I bribed the powers that be, so I was caught and held for a while in a vile place of captivity where they poisoned my life still more.

But when I came out of the prison, a new thing came into my life. The old things were lost because no worker

can hold them in these days, but the new spirit rushed into my life with giant wings, and it was scarlet, and terrifying in its cleansing might, and my soul leapt to greet it with gladness and I became its servant for all time. And the name of the new spirit was Revolution.

So, now my days are spent in serving the Masters of Bread that I may live; and serving the Revolution, that I may preserve my manhood.

Sometimes I think of the days when I was a poet and lived royally, and I think of how the old wiseacres used to shake their heads at me and say: "It will not last; this will go when youth goes." And how stoutly I used to deny this and say: "As I am now, so shall I always be. Beauty can never lose its hold upon me, nor can the precious things I have within my soul depart." Yet I was wrong and they were right. I did not know of the Giant Beast Profit that was lying in wait for me, with its poisonous breath to strangle all the bright, growing things within me.

Yet they were not wholly right, nor I wholly wrong. I do not think it is the Law of Life that all those dear things of youth must pass away; I think it is merely the Law of Profit. And when food and shelter and the other daily needs shall be as secure to us for all our lives as they were to me in my boyhood, and when work shall be an act of joy and fellowship and not of misery and tyranny, then I think we shall be young our whole life long and the splendors and the visions shall be always with us.

Sometimes, when I am tramping through the radiant country or am resting for a while from the strain of toil and struggle, the husks seem to fall from me and once again I seem to enter into the mysteries. * * * The wind whispers to me its ineffable secrets and the moon shines into the hidden chambers of my soul, and the glory of the world comes upon me and lifts me up and enfolds me, and once again I taste of the Wine of Life. * * *

And sometimes I realize the impulse of creation within me that has been sacrificed to the Dollar King, that he may use me for his profit. I feel that I might have been a lord of words, weaving wonderful things for my delight and for the people's pleasure. But the holy

thing within me has been killed and what has been left is the working and the fighting. * * *

And then, after my short, rare rest I go down once more into the hell of industry, once more to serve the Beast and to enter into the battle. * * *

The battle! That is my life and salvation; for that do I live. But for the cleansing fire of Hate and the joy of the struggle I had long since been but a brute—a less than brute, a spineless, servile Thing. But the Fight has saved me.

* * * * *

Well, brother, remembrance is bitter-sweet and lasts not for long. It is a thing of one short night and, see, the dawn is coming! Recollection is done and Action comes. Watch, brother, the dawn's light spreading. Do you not hear the voice of comrades, rising high in hymns of revolt, full of the lust of combat? Hear you the groans of wounded and the cries of war? Hear you the tramping of their march and the full-mouthed music of their rebel chants? The dawn cometh, brother; shoulder your pack and buckle on your sword, for there is man's work before us!

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